

## PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

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## MARTHA WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The state of society in Virginia, a century since, was quiet and imposing. The "Ancient Dominion" retained stronger features of resemblance to the father-land than any of its sisters. The manners of the nobility of England had been transplanted, with but little radical change, to the territory of Powhatan. A kind of feudal magnificence, a high and quick sense of honor, a generous and lordly hospitality, early characterized a State which has given to this Western Empire so many of its mightiest and noblest names.

One of the most immediate changes arising from the severance of the mother country, was the breaking down of that courtly and almost solemn etiquette which had marked the intercourse of the higher classes. "I know your age by the edition of your manners," said a lady of discernment to a gentleman distinguished for politeness. "I am certain that you were educated before the Revolution." But the republicanism which may possibly have swept with so full a tide over our national manners, had, at that period of which we speak, no existence in Virginia. The levees of her royal governors, though stripped of monarchical pomp, displayed a remnant of those "stately trappings of chivalry," with which the titled and valiant of a still earlier age were accustomed, in European courts, to pay homage to beauty and rank.

It was early in the winter of 1748 that the levees of Governor Gooch opened with unwonted splendor at Williamsburg. Many of the members of Assembly took thither with them a part of their families, and this season was graced by the presence of several young high born maidens, who had never before been presented at court. One among these was evidently the theme of general admiration. Some of the stately matrons criticised her as deficient in height. But, though somewhat beneath the middle stature, she possessed that round and exquisite symmetry which the early historians have ascribed to the fascinating Anne Boleyn. A pure complexion, and clear eyes, were finely contrasted with dark, glossy, and redundant hair. Still it was found difficult, by common observers, to analyze her beauty; for it rested not on any permanent gift, but on the consent of the whole person in loveliness. Grace of movement, and melody of voice, were confessed to be among its elements. More of animation was hers, than is wont to distinguish the modern Southern beauty, but what chiefly won old and young, was a bland cheerfulness, the silent history of the soul's happiness, and an expressive smile inspiring every beholder with confidence like a beam from the temple of truth.

Though she had scarcely numbered twice eight summers, there was about her a womanly dignity which charmed former admiration into respect.

Among those who had paid their devoirs to this lovely young creature was Colonel Custis, one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time. His father, the Hon. John Custis, of Arlington, held the office of King's Counsellor, and was a man of wealth and distinction.

His attendance at Williamsburg during the present session had been somewhat interrupted by ill health; and while there, the graver duties of the statesman had so far absorbed him as to render him ignorant as to what reigning beauties had produced sensation at court. Not long after the suspension of the levees, and the return of the bourgeoisie to their homes, the counsellor requested a conversation in his cabinet with his son, Colonel Daniel Parke Custis. There was a singular mixture of gravity and condescension in his manner as he desired him to be seated, and thus opened the discourse.

"I have for some time wished to see you on an interesting subject. Though still young, I consider you have arrived at years of discretion."

The Colonel bowed.

"I trust I have always shown that regard for your welfare which is due from an affectionate father to an only son. I am about to give another proof of it. In short, I wish to turn your attention to a suitable marriage."

The Colonel bowed.

"You know Colonel Byrd, of Westover, to be my very particular friend. His daughter is one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies in Virginia. It is my desire that you form with her matrimonial alliance."

"My dear Sir, I have not the vanity of supposing that I could render myself acceptable to Miss Byrd."

"No objection on that head. Her father and myself have settled it. Indeed, I may as well tell you that we have had numerous conversations on this business, and that you have both been as betrothed from the cradle. Think, my son, of the advantage of such a connection, the contiguity of wealth and power that will ultimately pass into your hands."

"Affection, Sir, seems to me to be the only bond that can hallow such a union. Not even my reverence for the best of fathers could induce me to enter into it, from mercenary motives."

"Mercenary, sir, mercenary! Who ever before dared to couple that word with my name!" exclaimed the counsellor, raising himself to his full height, and fixing a kindling eye upon his son.

Then pacing the apartment a few turns, he stopped opposite to him, and added—

"You speak of the affection that should precede marriage. Have the goodness to understand that the misplacing of yours may materially affect your patrimonial inheritance."

He seemed to wait for a reply, but in vain. "May I inquire if you have

thus early presumed to decide seriously on the preference of any young lady as a companion for life?"

"I have, Sir."

"May I be favored with a knowledge of her name?"

"Miss Martha Dandridge."

The high spirited gentlemen parted in mutual resentment; but the reflections of a night restored them to better feelings. The father began to excuse the son, by recalling the warmth of his own early attachment; while the son referred the testiness of the father to the harrowing disappointment of a long cherished plan, and the querulousness of his feeble health. Still, as it usually happens with proud men, neither would open his heart to the other; and a slight, though almost imperceptible coldness gathered over their intercourse. But this interview served as a stimulant to matrimony. The temporary reserve of the father, throwing something like gloom over the paternal mansion, heightened the frequency of the visits of the lover. The gentle object of his preference imagined no barrier to an alliance where there existed no inequality; and he forbore to communicate what could only occasion perplexity, and what he trusted would soon vanish like the "baseless fabric of a dream." According to a happy prescience, the lofty counsellor gave his consent to the nuptials, and the flower of the court of Williamsburg became a bride in the blush of her seventeenth summer.

Their residence was a retired and romantic mansion on the banks of the Pamunkey. It reared its white halls and a profusion of vines and flowering trees.—Broad plantations and the wealth of Virginia forests variegated the grounds. Rural occupation, and the delight of each other's society, prepared for them what they deemed a paradise. In visits to their favored dwelling, the Counsellor learned to appreciate the treasures of his new daughter. Her excellence in the responsible sphere to which she was introduced won his regard, and with the ingenuitess of an honorable mind when convinced of an error, he sought every opportunity of distinguishing her merit, which he had been reluctant to admit. When he saw the grace and courtliness with which she maintained a generous hospitality; the judgment, far beyond her years, displayed in the management of her servants; the energy, the early rising, the cheerful alacrity with which she regulated and beautified the internal mechanism of her family; the disinterestedness with which she forgot herself, and sought the good of others; but, above all, her entire devotion to her husband, and the little ones sprung up around her; he gloried in the sentiment of his son, which, indeed, he had always believed, though he was once in danger of swerving from it, that strong personal affection, is essential to the bliss of matrimonial happiness.

But the scene of exquisite felicity was not long to last. The death of her oldest children prepared her for a deeper loss in her beloved and estimable husband. In the trying situation of a young, beautiful, and wealthy widow, and mother, she was still able to conduct herself with unvarying discretion, and faithfully to discharge every important duty.

It was in the spring of 1758 that two gentlemen, attended by a servant, were seen riding through the luxuriant scenery with which the county of New Kent, in Virginia, abounds. The most striking figure of the group was a tall, graceful man, and apparently about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. He would have been a model for a statuette when Rome was in her best days. His companion was an elderly man, in a plain garb, who, by the familiarity with which he pointed out surrounding objects, would seem to be taking his daily rounds upon his own estate. As they approached the avenue to an antique mansion, he placed his hand on the rein of his companion.

"Nay, Colonel Washington, let it never be said that you have passed the house of your father's friends without dismounting. I must insist on the honor of delaying you as my guest."

"Thanks to you, my dear Sir, but I ride in haste, the bearer of despatches to our Governor in Williamsburg, which may not brook delay."

"Is this the noble steed which was given you by the dying Bradstreet on the fatal field of Monongahela? and this the same servant he bequeathed you at the same time?"

Washington answered in the affirmative.

"Then, my dear Colonel, thus mounted and attended, you may well dine with me, and by harrowing some of this moonlight, reach Williamsburg ere his excellency shall have shaken off his morning slumbers."

"Do I understand that I may be excused immediately after dinner?"

"Certainly."

"Then, Sir, I accept your hospitality." And gracefully throwing himself from the charger, he resigned the rein to his English servant, giving at the same time strict orders as to the time he must be ready with the horse to pursue their journey.

"I am rejoiced, Colonel Washington," said the hospitable old gentleman, "fortunately to have met you on my morning ride; and the more so as I have some guests who may make the repast pass pleasantly, and will not fail to appreciate our young and valiant soldier."

Washington bowed his thanks, and was introduced to the company. Virginia's far-famed hospitality was well set forth in that spacious baronial hall. Precise in his household regulations, the social feast was closed at the time the host had predicted. The servant was also punctual—he knew the habits of his master. At the appointed moment he stood with horses caparisoned at the gate; and much did he marvel, as listening to every foot-step that paced down the avenue, he saw the sun sink in the west, and yet no master appear. At length orders came that the horses should be put up for the night.—Wonder upon wonder! when his business with the governor was so urgent!—The sun was high in the heavens the next day, ere Washington mounted for his journey. No explanation was given, but it was rumored that among the guests was a beautiful and youthful widow, to whose charms his heart had responded. This was further confirmed by his tarrying but a brief space

at Williamsburg, retracing his route with unusual celerity, and becoming a frequent visitor at the house of the late Colonel Custis, in the vicinity, where the following year, his nuptials were celebrated.

Henceforth the life of the lady of Mount Vernon is a part of the history of her country. In that hallowed retreat, she was found entering into the plans of Washington, sharing his confidence, and making his household happy. There her only daughter, Martha Custis, died in the bloom of youth; a few years after, when the troubles of the country drew her husband to the post of commander-in-chief of her armies, she accompanied him to Boston, and witnessed its siege and evacuation. For eight years he returned no more to enjoy his beloved residence on the banks of the Potomac. During his absence she made the most strenuous efforts to discharge the added weight of care, and to endure, with changeless trust in Heaven, continued anxiety for one so inexpressibly dear. At the close of each campaign, she repaired, in compliance with his wishes, to head quarters, where the ladies of the general officers joined her in forming such society as diffused a cheering influence over even the gloom of the winter of Valley Forge and Morristown. The opening of every campaign was the signal of the return of Lady Washington, (as she was called in the army,) to her domestic cares at Mount Vernon.—"I heard," said she, "the first and the last cannon of the revolutionary war." The rejoicings which attended the surrender of Cornwallis, in the autumn of 1781, marked for her a season of the deepest sorrow. Her only remaining child, Col John Custis, the aide-camp of Washington, became, during his arduous duties at the siege of Yorktown, the victim of an epidemic fever, and died at the age of twenty-seven. He was but a boy of five at the time of her second marriage, and had drawn forth strongly the affections and regard of her illustrious husband, who shared her affliction for his loss, and by the tenderest sympathy, strove to alleviate it.

At the close of the war, a few years were devoted to the enjoyment and embellishment of their favorite Mount Vernon. The peace and returning prosperity of their country gave pure and bright ingredients to their cup of happiness. Their mansion was thronged with guests of distinction, all of whom remarked with admiration the energy of Mrs. Washington in the complicated duties of a Virginia housewife, and the elegance and grace with which she presided at her noble board.

The voice of a free nation, conferring on Gen. Washington the highest office in its power to be slow, was not obeyed without a sacrifice of feeling. It was in the spring of 1799, that, with his lady, he bade adieu to his tranquil abode, to assume the responsibility of the first Presidency. In forming his domestic establishment he mingled the simplicity of a republic with that dignity which he felt was necessary to secure the respect of older governments. The furniture of his house, the livery of his servants, the entertainments of his guests, displayed elegance, while they rejected ostentation. In all these arrangements, Mrs. Washington was a second self. Her Friday evening levees at which he was always present, exhibited that perfect etiquette which marks the intercourse of the dignified and high bred. Commencing at seven, and closing at ten, they lent no more sanction to late hours than to levity. The first lady of the nation still preserved the habits of early life. Indulging in no indolence, she left her pillow at dawn, and after breakfast retired to her chamber for an hour for the study of the scriptures and devotion. This practice, it is said, during the long period of half a century, she never omitted. The duties of the Sabbath were dear to her. The President and herself attended public worship with regularity, and in the evening he read to her, in her chamber, the scriptures, and a sermon.

The Spring of 1797 opened for them with the most pleasing anticipations. The cares of high office were resigned, and they were about to retire, for the remainder of their days, to the beloved shades of Mount Vernon. The new turf springing into fresh greenness wherever they trod, the vernal blossoms opening to receive them, the warbled welcome of the birds, were never more dear, as wearied with the toils of public life, and satiated with his honors, they returned to their rural retreat, hallowed by the recollections of earlier years, and by the consciousness of virtue.

But in two years Washington was no more. The shock of his death, after an illness of only twenty-four hours, fell like a thunder-bolt upon the bereaved widow. The piety which had long been her strength continued its support, but her heart drooped; and though her cheerfulness did not utterly forsake her, she discharged her habitual round of duties, as one who felt that "the glory had departed."

How beautiful and characteristic was her reply to the solicitations of the highest authority of the nation, that the remains of her illustrious husband might be removed to the seat of government, and a marble monument erected to mark the spot of their repose:

"Taught by the great example which I have had so long before me, never to oppose my private wishes to the will of my country, I consent to the request made by Congress; and in doing this, I need not, I cannot, say what a sacrifice of individual feelings I make to a sense of public duty."

The intention of the Congress of 1797 has never been executed, nor the proposed monument erected. The enthusiasm of the time passed away, and the many conflicting cares of a great nation turned its thoughts from thus perpetuating his memory, whose image, it trusted, would be ever enshrined in the hearts of a great people.

Scarcely two years of her lonely widowhood were accomplished, ere the lady of Mount Vernon found death approaching. Gathering her family around her, she impressed on them the value of that religion which she had tested from her youth onward to heavy hours.—Then calmly resigning her soul into the hands of Him who gave it, at the age of seventy, full of honors, she was laid in the tomb of Washington.

In this outline of the lineaments of Martha Wash-

ington, we perceive that it was neither the beauty with which she was endowed, nor the high station which she had attained, that gave enduring lustre to her character, but her Christian fidelity in those duties which devolve upon her sex. This fitted her to irradiate the home, to lighten the cares, to cheer the anxieties, to sublimiate the enjoyments, of him who, in the expressive language of Chief Justice Marshall, was "so favored of Heaven as to depart without exhibiting the weakness of humanity."

## HAYTI.

The following remarks upon the late revolution in Hayti, are from the *Paris Presse*, which journal represents the recent revolution of St Domingo as the triumph of the black race over the mulatto.

Herard, the leader of the insurrection, and his brother, are negroes; whilst Boyer, his secretary, Inginac, and the chiefs of his party, are all mulattoes. The negro race, according to the writer, entertains a predilection for the Europeans, especially for the French, whilst the mulattoes are viewed by them with the extreme of detestation. It was, indeed, the negroes who raised the great insurrection and insured its triumph. Whilst they and Toussaint prevailed, the French colors continued to float; but when the mulattoes prevailed, then commenced that system of hatred to the French name, which is well known. But we must let the writer in the *Presse* relate his story.

In 1806 Petion founded at Port au Prince, the republic of Hayti. During 1813, General Boyer became his successor. In 1820, Christophe killed himself to escape from his soldiers in mutiny, and his kingdom was united to the republic of Petion. In 1822 Boyer conquered and united to his government the Spanish portion of the island, which had sought to separate and declare itself part of the Colombian republic. The relations of France with the republic are well known, as well as the treaty of 1825, which acknowledged its independence on condition of an indemnity being paid to the old colonists. On the accession of the present King of the French, the Haytian government, which had paid but 30, of the 150 millions stipulated, thought fit not to recognize the monarchy of July. When this recognition was demanded, the answer came in language "wanting the politeness of civilized nations." In such a situation there were but two ways of proceeding—one to blockade and bombard, the other to negotiate—the latter was preferred; and contrary to the treaty of 1825, that of 1839 reduced to 60 millions the 120 millions due, and recognized purely and simply the independence of Hayti, without imposing any longer the payment of the indemnity as condition."

The *Presse* goes on to show that immense advantage can be derived from the late revolution, which has substituted negroes, friends of France, in the Government, to the jealous mulattoes.—There is little probability that the next instalment, due in July, will be paid. A pretext will be, that Boyer has carried off the money. France can take every advantage of so fine a country in the state of an insolvent debtor; it can force a treaty of commerce upon Hayti as England has upon China; and it ought so to manage matters, that a half a century France should realize the Protectorate of St. Domingo as it has acquired that of the Society Islands.

## THE DEATH BED.

How sad and lonely the couch where the emaciated form is stretched, uncheered by the dawning of the eternal day! Over the poor, unhappy wasted clay, no starlight brightness, no cherub wings are hovering. In vain are the arms of friendship extended, and the bosom of love opened. The rays of hope may gleam a bright moment on the mind, but they are cold and cheerless. No vivifying influence passes over the feverish brain; no holy glow of ecstatic joy fills, supports and entrances the soul. Oh, it is hard dying when the consolations of religion are wanting, when the present, past and future bring in the dreadful sentence that all is lost! when no uplifted arm makes strong the inner man, when the outer man falls into ruin! But O, how soft the bed of death!—what easy, pleasant dying, when the comfortable assurance of God's words are brought home to the stricken one in language that cannot be misunderstood! when the soul, feeling after the promises, clinging to the Rock of Ages, and rising up in the strength of the Lord of hosts, grapples with the master, on grounds consecrated by the Son of God and prevails and triumphs! It is then that man looks upon the fallen pillars in which he had gloried, with a smile, and beholds unmoved the crumbling tabernacle—new sledged, he breaks his bonds, he flies away to dip his pinions in the font of uncreated light.

## BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

BY CHARLES SWANN.

Be kind to each other!

The night's coming on,

When friend and when brother

Perchance may be gone!

Then 'midst our dejection,

How sweet to have earned

The blest recollection

Of kindness—returned!

When day hath departed,

And Memory keeps

Her watch broken-hearted,

Where all she loved sleeps!

Let falsehood assail not,

Nor envy deprive—

Let trifles prevail not—

Against those ye love!

Nor change with to-morrow,

Should fortune take wing,

But the deeper the sorrow,

The closer still cling!

Oh, be kind to each other!

The night's coming on,

When friend and when brother

Perchance may be gone

## Can a Horse reason?

The Hon. Judge Taylor, of Mobile, Ala., has recently addressed a communication to the editor of the *Daily Advertiser* of that city, of a most interesting and extraordinary character. Mr. Langdon, in introducing the communication to his readers, makes the assurance "that every fact stated can be corroborated by hundreds of his most veracious fellow-citizens. Those who hold in veneration the noble qualities of the horse, that sagacious as well as serviceable animal, will be certain to give the article a careful perusal. The writer of this individual animal's history, has scarcely told the half of the evidence he gives of possessing powers of reasoning far above most other animals of the brute creation. If all these marks of intelligence are not referable to a process of thought, or ratiocination, then we know not upon what principle they are to be accounted for; they are certainly, in our estimation, a lofty remove from instinct."

My purpose is not to discuss the question at the head of this article, but to submit some facts for the speculation of those who may be curious in such matters. As you are aware, I own a horse called John, that for several years had not only a muse, but astonished the public, by his various feats of intelligence and sagacity.

Every body knows John, and if he is seen, as he often is, in a buggy, and no one in it, walking, trotting, or galloping through the most crowded streets, threading his way among carriages and drays, no citizen offers to stop him; but if a stranger attempt it, he only excites a laugh, and is asked how long he has been in the city? I have witnessed some amusing scenes of this kind at the expense of some one's good intentions.

It is proper I should state, that for the last seven years, with the exception of the past and present winters, I have resided about two and a half miles from the city. I generally come to town every day about eleven or twelve o'clock. I frequently drive to town and back without touching the rein. If I come down St. Francis street, he is certain to stop at the Waverly, without anything being said to him, and as soon as I get out, he will start in a trot or gallop, and stop at the Cornithian. If I come down Dauphin street, he will go directly to the Post Office, where he will stop until I get out, when he will wheel across the street, and remain there, in his opinion, a reasonable time; if he wants water, he will go to a pump, and from one to another, until he finds a friend to pumpit for him, when he will return.

John is also a general favorite. The "freedom of the city" was long since presented to him in a buggy! He is therefore not confined to any particular street, but goes where he likes, in pursuit of me or his own amusement. He will sometimes go to Water street, and then to Commerce, where with excellent taste and judgment he will sample bales of hay on the side walk; but unlike the cotton samplers, he was never known to fill a bag and carry it off on his back. He not only knows me from others, but can distinguish my voice from all others, as may be easily proved. Hundreds of persons may pass him daily without attracting from him any particular notice. If I come toward him when his head is turned from me, and happen to be talking at the time, although from his tight check rein the motion may be difficult, and perhaps painful, he will turn his head round, testing it against his side, with his eye, which then exhibits a peculiar tremulous motion, fixed on me, until I pass. If he then desires to go home, he will raise his head, point his ears, and start after me, stepping lightly and keeping me in view. Although a spirited animal, nothing "frightens him from his property;" in fact, he "dares do all that may become a horse." It is a fact quite notorious, that he will go about the city in pursuit of me; it is equally so, that experiments have been made to induce him to leave me, by turning him up the street leading to the country, but after turning a block or two he would invariably come back. There are many instances of gentlemen having driven him to their residences, in different parts of the city and turned him loose to come back; and I am informed that some bets have been pocketed on such performances. I had a standing bet for some years that I would send him to the market or the post-office, or any house or point that might be designated, and that he would return safely with the buggy. No one doubted he would do it. But a few months since I sent him from my house across the country to the Spring hill road, and up that road a distance of a mile, to the house of a friend, although he had not been there for more than a year. I have often sent him on errands of a similar character. I have only to go with him and show him a place, and he never forgets it. He is perfectly under command of my voice. I speak to him as I would to a servant, and that he understands many things I say to him, is proved by the fact that he obeys me. In harness or out of it, he follows me about like dog. He stands in no fear of me, and has no cause, for although I may sometimes scold him, I have never struck him, as I believe, in the seven years and a half I have owned him. He therefore does nothing from fear, but everything from kindness.

It is getting quite late—two or three o'clock—I must have gone up the street. He turns up Royal street, and stopping a short time at the Literary Depot and several other places, he goes to the Waverly. There is no use in going farther in this direction, for he knows I seldom go above that point. He becomes uneasy; turns back and goes down the street as far as the Court House. He turns again, much excited; his ears thrown back, his neck arched, his nostrils flattened, and starts into a fast trot. As he passes the Mans on House, he is in a round gallop, wildly throwing his head from one side of the street to the other. If he sees me he will stop, or come up to me. I get into the carriage, and without saying a word to him, or touching the rein, he takes up the first street to our home. Here is a narrow lane leading to the gate, and to make a clean turn through it, it is necessary to keep to the right, near the fence. John knows it, and stops at the proper point; I get out, open the gate and pass through. He wheels short round, describing a quarter circle, and goes all the way to the gate



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JED. H. LINDSAY, J  
Greensboro' N. C. July 1, 1843.



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No one, I think, can ever examine the series of Grammars published by Dr. Bullions, without a deep conviction of their superior excellence. When the English Grammar, the first in the series, was published, it was my pleasure, in connection with some honored individuals, in the city of Albany, to bear the highest testimony to its worth; that testimony it I mistake not, received the unanimous approval of all who are or ought to influence public opinion. I have seen, with great gratification, that the 2d and 3d in the series, the Latin and Greek, have met with the same judgment, which, believe to be entirely deserved, and in which I do most heartily concur.

From the Hon. ALEXANDER CONKLIN, Judge of the United States Court in the Northern District of N. York, published in the Cayuga Patriot.

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GIDEON HAWLEY,  
T. ROBEY BECK,  
JOHN A. DIN.  
March 1, 1843.  
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Physicians will find it to their advantage to make their purchases of the subscriber, as he will warrant every article he sells as being of the best quality, and at rates that cannot fail to please. Their orders shall be promptly and accurately complied with, and forwarded to any part of the State they may desire.

Medicines put up especially for Family use, in quantities to suit each purchaser, with the proper directions on each package. They are prepared principally by himself, and can vouch for their purity and official strength. Heads of families and others are respectfully requested to call and examine his stock.

To those who are favorable to the Botanic Medicine, he can furnish them with Powell's No. 6, Composition Powders, and vegetable Anti-Dyspeptic Wine Bitters.  
**VARNISHES, OILS, &c.**—Best Copal Varnish, Japan ditto, Boot Varnish, Castor Oil, Olive do, Lamp do, Putty.  
Gillott's best Steel Pens.  
Ever-pointed Pencils—silver cases.  
Hair Brushes of sup' quality; Tooth ditto.  
Lemon Syrup; Port Wine, in bottles.  
50 bottles Sulp. Quinine, at \$2.50 per bottle.  
80 lb. best English Calumet—warranted.  
Carpenter's Ex. Buchu.  
" " Pinkroot.  
" " Comp. Syrup Sarsaparilla.  
Jayne's Expectorant, do Vermifuge.  
" " Carmine Balm.  
Indian Hair Dye, for coloring gray, light or red hair a beautiful brown or jet black, without staining the skin.  
Swain's Pannacea, Thompson's Eye-Water, &c. &c.  
For sale by  
D. P. WEIR.  
May 3d, 1843.

**NOTICE.**—Taken up and committed to the jail of N. Surry county, N. C., on the 11th day of February, 1843, a negro man who calls his name JIM; supposed to be about 25 years old, 5 feet 3 or 4 inches high, tolerably black, and says he belongs to John Harrison of Henry county, Va. The owner of said boy is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, or he will be dealt with as the law directs.  
EMANUEL CRANDOL, Jailor.  
Rockford, Feb. 20, 1843.

**TAXES.**—The citizens residing within the District known as Dr. McLean's are requested to call at the Store of J. & R. Sloan, and list their taxable and taxable property before the 1st day of August next, or they will subject themselves to double tax.  
Greensboro', July 1, 1843. JAMES SLOAN, J. P.

**Saddle & Harness Shop.**—The subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has on hand a large assortment of coach, barouche, sulky, buggy and carriage HARNESS. Also a fine assortment of Gentlemen's and Ladies' SADDLES, both quilted and plain. A variety of wagon and riding BRIDLES, Martingales, Purses, horsemen's Caps, &c. All of which will be disposed of on as good if not better terms than can be done elsewhere. Call and see for yourselves.  
All kinds of REPAIRING on both Saddles and Harness, shall be well done, on better terms than common. Country produce taken in exchange for work.  
Shop on North Street, three doors from Lindsay's corner.  
April 1st, 1843. F. M. WALKER.

**ONE** of two courses most pursued by me in the sale of my Piano Fortes. I must either adopt the common practice with many dealers in the article of *running down* other instruments in order to raise the character of my own, or I must do as I have been endeavoring to do for eight years past, get the public to form their own opinion by trying my instruments. The former is a course I have never adopted, and never shall; the latter I have tried and found to work well. I believe that my Piano Fortes are at least equal to any made in this or any other country that I have heard of; but that opinion being an untested one, I do not ask the public to depend upon it, alone, and simply beg of them to test the matter by actual trial. Any person desiring to purchase a Piano, can take mine upon trial and withhold payment until they can prove the instrument.  
E. P. NASH,  
Book and Piano Forte Seller,  
Petersburg, Va.

**PROSPECT HILL PREPARATORY SCHOOL.**  
THE exercises of this institution will be resumed the 1st instant; a thorough course is given at this school preparatory to admission into the University of North Carolina, Randolph Macon College, or any other institution that may be preferred. The moral as well as intellectual culture of the pupils strictly attended to. Terms per session of 5 months, \$35.00, no extra charges, board, washing, lights and tuition included.  
J. G. WRIGHT,  
Rockingham County, N. C. July 3, 1843. 22-8  
N. B. It is probable Board can be had in respectable families convenient to the School at a cheaper rate.  
J. G. W.

**THE PATRIOT.**  
GREENSBOROUGH:  
Saturday Morning, July 22, 1843.

The reader will be entertained by the perusal of an article in this paper headed "Can a horse reason?" The late Mr. John Hogen, of Randolph county, knew the horse whose acts are chronicled in this article, and was an eye witness to many instances of his wonderful sagacity.

**"A REPUBLICAN DEMOCRAT."**  
A series of pieces, over this signature, are appearing in the Raleigh Register. These communications hail from Caswell county; they are written with uncommon ability—by a Van Buren Democrat. The reason which the author gives for making the Register his medium of communication to his party and the public, is, that there is no Van Buren paper in the State to his knowledge. We at first doubted that "A Republican Democrat" was a sham signature used by some whig writer; but our doubts have fled; the Editor of the Milton Chronicle "knows" him to be "a democrat of the first water."

Democrat or not he is a patriot. He raises a voice of warning, in thunder tones, to the democratic party proper of North Carolina, to beware of the treachery of Nullifiers, who are stealthily but steadily creeping into place and power under the wing and in the name of Democracy. There is reason for his fears. And it is time for his warning to be heard. The warning comes with a peculiar grace from a district where, it must be confessed, old Jackson Democracy exists in all its honesty, uncontaminated by the crudities of Nullification and modern political abstractions. Well may he ask, in the name of virtue and patriotism, if this honest people will permit themselves to be transferred to a doctrine which they abhor—whether they will be cheated into the support of politicians who have hazarded the Union and would do it again!

This writer devotes a few scorching paragraphs to Burton Craige, Romulus M. Saunders, John R. J. Daniel, A. A. Arrington and Godwin C. Moore, now Democratic candidates for Congress, who, in the first instance, prefer Mr. Calhoun for the Presidency. His solemn truths, faithfully forced home to the minds of the people, are making "unearthly flattering" in the camp of the allies, who fight under the banner of Democracy crossed with the bend sinister of Nullification.

"A Republican Democrat" takes occasion to bestow a word of commendation and comfort on DAVID S. REID, Esq., the candidate in his district. He is a Van Buren man, and, to the utmost extent of his abilities, will sustain the good cause; his district is uncontaminated with Calhounism and Nullification; the contest here is between whiggery and true democracy. Now, who does Mr. Reid go for, for President? We have no doubt he is a "Van Buren man." But is he not pledged to the nominee of the National Convention of the so-called Democratic party? Does he dare to say that he will not give his support to Mr. Calhoun, should he be nominated? If Mr. Calhoun should be the nominee, (and a majority of the prominent Democrats of the State are straining every nerve for him) will not Mr. Reid become party to the transfer of the honest Jackson Democracy of his district to "Calhounism and Nullification?" We repeat the question—dare Mr. Reid to say to the people of his district that he would do otherwise? The unsuspecting Democrats of the third district ought to look to this matter before they blindly give their votes. And the whigs should charge this subject home upon them.

In relation to the story of Bedford Brown's decision that Judge Riffin "saw strongly," the Milton Chronicle "don't believe that Col. Brown ever used such language—at least it is 'news' to the people in Caswell." Well, we got the 'news' from the North State Whig, published in Washington, N. C., more than a hundred miles off.

"The Southern Monitor."—This is the title of a neat little paper to be issued by Mr. McKee, at Asheville, in place of the Temperance Advocate, discontinued. It promises to be a useful publication.

**VINEGAR AND MATRIMONY.**  
That is an ingenious story about a bachelor, eleven married men, and a bottle of vinegar. Spare crusty old bachelor, blessed with more genius than gaudiness, invented it, we have no doubt. This is the plot of the tale: A number of years ago a dozen gay young larks in a certain city held an evening party together, where they ate, drank, and were merry. The conversation turning upon "the women" and matrimony, as is altogether natural in such company, it was gaily proposed, and solemnly agreed, to cork up a bottle of vinegar, and that each of the company as should remain unmarried at the expiration of ten years would repair to the place of rendezvous and drink it!

The ten years rolled away, and one after another of the boon companions went the way of all flesh—that is got married,—until all except one solitary fellow passed into the full enjoyment of the comforts and perplexities—the delights and the miseries of double and twisted blessedness. In accordance with his agreement, this forlorn individual repaired, at the appointed time, to the "echoing hall" which had been the scene of social hilarity in former days. As he brushed the dust and cobwebs from the antique bottle, he gave it a look that might have added acid to the vinegar's "mother." "Pah!" he exclaimed, as he ventured a taste of the thrilling juice, "it cuts like a two-edged sword!" and he fell into a disagreeable reverie, in which he contrasted this draught with the sweets of matrimony. At that moment the bottle seemed to him to contain all the tears of all the bachelors from the first woman later down to the era in which he vegetated.

With a deep-heaved sigh he commenced breaking the seals and reading the letters of condolence addressed to him by his *acidulous* friends, who met him ten years before at that board, when glasses of sparkling rosy wine occupied the place of the vinegar bottle. "My dear fellow, get married," was the first bit of advice he found in every epistle. One told him that he enjoyed happiness with a learned lady who devoted herself to books, &c. and wound up with a P. S. in which he gave his friend a hint never to marry a woman who knew Greek. A second had married a celebrated beauty, admired by every body, and drawing a dozen gallants constantly in her train; all very gratifying to the pride of the husband, who nevertheless inserted a note bene unfavorable to beautiful wives. A third happy soul had added materially to his dignity and importance by marrying a lady of family; but appended this pithy injunction to his epistles: "don't marry a woman who has great connexions." A fourth had married rich, and revelled year in and year out in the lap of luxury, all brought in by his loving wife—a fact which her ladyship never suffered him to forget; his *postscriptum* recommended a bride with a competence and nothing more. A fifth had married a poor girl, and his letter had a note bene; a sixth, a woman of spirit; a seventh, one of easy disposition, and so forth,—all of which were excellent wives and their husbands the happiest of men; but their acquaintance with the sex *luckily* enabled them to point out to their bachelor acquaintance the faults he might avoid.

As the bachelor perused document after document, a smile, which his happy friends would have considered *equivocal*, lit up his grumpy features; and when he got through the last epistle he grasped the neck of the bottle, and holding up its turbid sides between himself and the window, he exclaimed, "Ah, my friends, I very sincerely envy you your happiness, and thank you for your kind advice—but I would prefer the vinegar!"

The Democratic Nullification paper printed at Charlotte very evidently *hates* it, that Gen. Edney has withdrawn from the canvass, on the decision of the late district convention. The General's withdrawal has bothered the calculations and materially interfered with the prospects of the Nullification-Democracy of *them parts*. They "rear," and "cavort," and "tromp round," and "snort," and thunder forth terrible sayings against Barringer, Edney, and whiggery in general—and all because the whig party in the district took it into their heads not to be tools enough to stand still and let a minority beat them! Keep cool, good people; you cannot have every thing to suit you exactly, all the time!

Kien Long, emperor of China, informed Sir G. Staunton that he had four physicians to whom he allowed a regular weekly salary; "but the moment I am ill," said he, "their salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you that my illnesses are very short."

The Madisonian says the friends of the Administration have determined to submit the name of John Tyler as a candidate for the Presidency! Wonder if there was a very large convention of these friends?

The elections for members of Congress in Louisiana have probably gone in favor of the Locofocos. The entire Whig loss not yet ascertained.

**FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.**  
The expenditures below are exclusive of the public debt:

James Monroe's,	\$13,057,925
John Q. Adams',	12,625,447
Andrew Jackson's,	18,224,345
Martin Van Buren's,	34,396,330
Whig Congress,	16,332,836

**COMPARATIVE VIEW.**

Gen. Jackson's average expenditures,	\$18,224,345
Mr. Adams' do. do.	12,625,447
Excess of Gen. J.'s over Mr. A.'s,	\$5,598,898
Mr. Van Buren's average expenditures,	35,396,330
Mr. Adams' do. do.	12,625,447
Excess of Mr. V. B.'s over Mr. A.'s,	\$22,769,883
Mr. Van Buren's average expenditures,	35,396,330
Whig Congress, do. do.	16,332,836
Excess of Mr. V. B.'s over Whig Congress of 1841-2,	\$19,063,494

**Singular Death.**—The Cincinnati Sun gives an account of a most singular death. A man, was found dead on Deep Creek bridge. It appears that he had been stealing hogs through the night and made off with them safely and was on his fourth voyage, but getting weary had stopped to rest. The feet of the animal were tied with a cord and slung over his head and as he leaned upon the railings, as is supposed, the hog slipped over the side, choking the man to death.

**A man a mistake.**—A Concord paper relates the following anecdote: "A young man of our acquaintance from a neighboring town went into a store in this city a few days since to purchase some goods. Being rather ordinarily dressed, the dapper clerk behind the counter, presuming he was some country greenhorn who only wanted to inquire the price of a paper of pins, turned his back upon him to find his way out of the store as he came in, unnoticed. The same young man passed into the next store, was treated gentlemanly, purchased \$5,000 worth of goods, and paid the cash for them."

**Restitution.**—Twenty two thousand six hundred and fifty-eight dollars have been awarded by the Court of General Sessions of Philadelphia, to the proprietors of Pennsylvania Hall, which was destroyed by a mob some years ago. It will be recollected that this Hall was destroyed in consequence of being used for holding abolition meetings, at which whites and blacks promiscuously mingled together, without "distinction of color."

**Infidels.**—Skeptics in religion excite disgust.—Nobody feels like reposing confidence in them.—Dr. Johnson used to say that a man who denied revelation was unworthy of trust, because moral restraint was removed.  
"Should an infidel sup with me," said the Doctor, "I should have to keep a constant eye on my tea spoon."

England is bound—solemnly bound—by the treaty of Limerick, whenever three millions of the Irish people "shall elect three hundred free holders to represent them in an Irish Parliament in Dublin," to recognize such a parliament.

Raynal, the Jesuit missionary, states that the use of tea has contributed more to the sobriety of the Chinese, than the severest laws against drunkenness.  
The consumption of British spirits has decreased in the course of the last year to the extent in England of 200,000 and in Scotland to 400,000 gallons.

**THE BRIDE.**  
The writings of Washington Irving abound in pictures, which, for delicacy, taste, and truth are not surpassed by any writers in the English language. The following is an exquisite passage from a chapter in his Bracebridge Hall:  
"I know no sight more charming and touching than that of a young and timid bride, in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar.—When I thus behold a lovely girl in the tenderness of her years, forsaking the house of her father, and the home of her childhood—and, with the implicit confidence, and the sweet self-abandonment which belong to woman, giving up all the world for the man of her choice; when I hear her in the good old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him for 'better or for worse for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, honor, and obey, till death us do part'—it brings to mind the beautiful and affecting devotion of Ruth. 'Whether thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; my people shall be my people and thy God my God.'"

**Died.**  
In this County, on Monday the 27th instant SALLY HOSKINS, daughter of Eli Hoskins, aged about 21 years. Her death was sudden. She prepared dinner for the family at 12 o'clock, and before 2 she died. She had been for about three years a professing Christian and a member of the Methodist church, and she left the world in that happy state of mind which is known alone upon the Christian's deathbed.

**STILLS! STILLS!! STILLS!!!**  
**TIN WARE.**—For sale at the Greensboro' Tin & Copper Shop. REPAIRS done at the shortest notice. Apply to Jed. H. Lindsay, Greensboro.

**I WILL** give the market price for 3000 lbs of good Bacon, Hams would be preferred.  
W. J. McCONNEL.

**JUST RECEIVED** and for sale 30 lbs Quickilver, low for cash.  
W. J. McCONNEL.

**UNION Institute.**—The examination at the end of the summer session will be on the first and second of September. A general invitation is given.  
B. CRAVEN, Principal.  
June 30, 1843. 23

**MEDICINES, PAINTS & DYESTUFFS.**—A new supply just received by RANKIN & McLEAN.  
March 1, 1843.

**TO MILL-OWNERS.**  
JUST received an additional supply of BOLTING CLOTHS, (warranted the genuine Anchor cloth), from No. 5 to 10, which are offered at unusually low prices.  
W. R. D. LINDSAY.  
January 10, 1842.

**FAMILY FISH FOR SALE.**—I shall receive in a day or two from the Albemarle Sound (via the Roanoke) 44 half barrels of Shad, Roe and Cut Herring, which I will sell low for cash.  
J. A. MEBANE.  
June 10, 1843-18-19.

**COME AND SEE.**—We are receiving our supply of **Spring and Summer Goods**—a complete and well selected assortment—offered to our old friends and customers and the public generally at prices low enough to correspond with the hard times.  
April, 1843. G. ALBRIGHT & SON.

**LIFE OF DR. CALDWELL** for sale at the stores of  
J. & R. SLOAN,  
RANKIN & McLEAN,  
G. ALBRIGHT & SON.  
Sept. 1842.

**GUNS.**—A small lot of RIFLE GUNS for sale by  
RANKIN & McLEAN  
Dec. 10.

**NOTICE.**—It is now about 18 months since I commenced business, and having never in the time made any thing like a call upon my friends and customers for the payment of their accounts, &c., I would now respectfully remind them that money is needed to make a Spring purchase of Goods, and hope they will without fail call and cash their accounts, or close them by note where this cannot be done. Cash of course could be preferred.  
W. R. D. LINDSAY.  
March 8, 1843.



**FURNISH YOUR HOUSE.**—The subscriber keeps at work, at the shop opposite Townsend's, where any and every article to furnish a dwelling may be had at prices to suit the hard times. He keeps on hand or makes to order—  
Marble Top Centre and Pier Tables;  
Splendid Ladies' Dressing Bureaus, with Marble or Mahogany Tops;  
Secretaries and Book Cases, of all kinds;  
An assortment of Bureaus, of every price and quality;  
Splendid Mahogany Chairs, fine cushioned seats, do. do. Rocking Chairs, " "  
Plain and splendid sofas, settees, &c.  
Wardrobes, Tables, &c. &c.—  
In fact every article of Cabinet Furniture that can be manufactured either in a Northern or Southern establishment, from the cheapest Birch and Walnut to the best Mahogany and Marble finish. Every article of Furniture warranted in every respect. Some fine specimens of work on hand—call and see it.  
June, 1843. PETER THURSTON.

**TWO** new first rate one-horse WAGONS for sale by January, 1843. RANKIN & McLEAN.

**LINSEED OIL.**—A quantity on hand and for sale by June 30. G. ALBRIGHT & SON.

**CAMP-MEETING NOTICE.**—A camp meeting for the Guilford Circuit, will be held at Meir's Chapel, commencing on Friday 25th of August next.

**DR. LIN'S GALBANUM MACHINE SPREAD STRENGTHENING PLASTERS.** These Plasters, greatly improved, and having the preference of all others, are warmly recommended by all doctors as invaluable for all invalids having pains in the Breast, Back, or Side. WEAKNESS and LAMENESS are relieved at once by their use, and the parts restored to strength and a natural warmth and health. Any person wearing one of these Plasters will be astonished and delighted at the comfort it affords. Those threatened with LUNG COMPLAINTS should never trust themselves a day without wearing a Plaster. It removes the irritation of incipient Consumption from the lungs to the surface of the body, and draws off the internal affection. So in LIVER COMPLAINTS, and COUGHS, and COLDS, Children with Whooping Cough should always have one, to prevent the cough settling on the lungs. Their excellence will be understood by all on a trial.  
DOCTOR O. C. LIN.

**HAVE YOU A COUGH?**—Do not neglect it!—Thousands have met a premature death for the want of a little attention to a common cold.  
Have you a Cough?—Rev. Dr. Bartholomew's Expectorant Syrup, a safe medical prescription, containing no poisonous drugs, and used in an extensive practice for several years, will most positively afford relief, and save you from that awful disease pulmonary consumption, which usually sweeps into the grave hundreds of the young, the old, the fair, the lovely and the gay!  
Have you a Cough?—Be persuaded to purchase a bottle of this Expectorant Syrup to day!—To-morrow may be too late.  
Have you a Cough?—Bartholomew's Expectorant Syrup is the only remedy you should take to cure you.  
For this plain reason:—That in the thousand cases where it has been used, it has not failed to relieve.

**PILES &c.**, are wholly prevented, or governed if the attack has come on, if you use the only true *Hay's Lintment*, from Comstock & Co. ALL SORES and every thing relieved by it that admits of an outward application. It acts like a charm. Use it.

**HEADACHE.** Dr. Spohn's Headache Remedy will effectually cure sick headache, either from the NERVES or BILIOUS. Hundreds of families are using it with great joy.

**DR. BARTHOLOMEW'S EXPECTORANT** will prevent or cure all incipient consumption, Coughs and Colds, taken in time, and is a delightful remedy.—Remember the name, and get Comstock's.

**HORSES** that have Ring-Bone, Spavin, Wind-Galls, and so forth, are cured by ROOF'S SPECIFIC and Foundered horses entirely cured by Roof's Founder Ointment. Mark this, all horsemen.

**EAST INDIA HAIR DYE** colours the hair any shade you wish, but will not colour the skin.

**BALDNESS.**—Balm of Columbia, for the Hair, which will stop it if falling out, or restore it on bald places; and on children make it grow rapidly, or on those who have lost the hair from any cause.

**ALL VERMIN** that infect the heads of children in schools, are prevented or killed by it at once. Find the name of COMSTOCK & CO. on it, or never try it. Remember this always.

**RAISING OF BLOOD AND PAIN IN THE BREAST.**—These premonitory symptoms of consumption are especially dangerous, and every special means should be used to invigorate the lungs and restoring them to health. To effect this there is nothing that can equal Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort. This medicine has been so successful in curing these diseases that all our medical men are using it in their practice. For nine years it has been used, and in all that time it has proved itself an infallible remedy. 1600 certificates of cures can be seen signed by our eminent men. Caution—Be sure you buy the original and genuine only at 375 Bowery. There is much counterfeit.

**Remarkable Cure.**—For two years I have been extremely ill with nervous affections, accompanied with pain in the stomach, fullness of the chest, labor in breathing, rough loss of appetite, vomiting, and soreness of the breast. I have been constantly under the care of physicians, but could get no relief until I commenced with Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. This medicine has restored me to health.

**B. H. RAKEMAN, 71 2d Avenue.**

**RHEUMATISM, and LAMENESS** positively cured. All that shrivelled muscles and limbs are restored in the old or young by the *Indian Vegetable Elixir* and Nerve and Bone Lintment—but never without the name of Comstock & Co. on it.

**SARSAPARILLA.** Comstock's Compound Extract. There is no other preparation of Sarsaparilla that can exceed or equal this. If you are sure to get Comstock's you will find it superior to all others. It does not require puffing.

For sale in Greensborough by J. & R. Sloan, in Raleigh by Dr. N. I. Smith, in Hillsborough by D. Hearty, in Oxford by Geo. F. Taylor, in Lexington by J. P. Mabry, in Salem and Salisbury by Comstock & Co's Agents, the above are the only Agents.

**NOTICE.**—The creditors of John Beard are again notified to file the amount of their claims with the undersigned as trustee, in three months from this date. Any person failing to comply herewith will forfeit his interest in the funds raised by the sale of said Beard's property by virtue of a trust to me executed for the benefit of his creditors.  
JOB WORTH, Trustee.  
April 26th 1843. 120

**Salt of Lemons.**  
THIS Salt is infinitely preferable to any thing what so ever for immediately taking out iron moulds, ink spots, red wine and stains of any kind out of lace, muslin, lawn, cambric and linens.  
Also, Essence of Lemon. For sale by  
D. P. WEIR.



On hand and for sale cheap, at the Cotton Factory.  
June, 1843: 19-1f T. R. TATE.